MORAL STORY

Rasti Bahadin

The important things in life

A philosophy professor stood before his class with some items on the table in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with rocks, about 2 inches in .diameter

He then asked the students if the jar was full. .They agreed that it was

So the professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles, of course, rolled into the .open areas between the rocks

He then asked the students again if the jar was .full. They agreed it was

The professor picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled .up the remaining open areas of the jar

He then asked once more if the jar was full. The ”.students responded with a unanimous “Yes

Now,” said the professor, “I want you to “ recognize that this jar represents your life. The rocks are the important things – your family, your

partner, your health, your children – things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter – like your job, your house, your car. The sand is everything else, the ".small stuff

If you put the sand into the jar first," he " continued, "there is no room for the pebbles or the rocks. The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take your partner out dancing. There will always be time to go to work, clean the ".house, give a dinner party, or fix the disposal

Take care of the rocks first – the things that " really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just ".sand

Live and Work

Father was a hardworking man who delivered bread as a living to support his wife and three children. He spent all his evenings after work attending classes, hoping to improve himself so that he could one day find a better paying job. Except for Sundays, Father hardly ate a meal together with his family. He worked and studied very hard because he wanted to provide his .family with the best money could buy

Whenever the family complained that he was not spending enough time with them, he reasoned that he was doing all this for them. But he often .yearned to spend more time with his family

The day came when the examination results were announced. To his joy, Father passed, and with distinctions too! Soon after, he was offered a good job as a senior supervisor which paid .handsomely

Like a dream come true, Father could now afford to provide his family with life’s little luxuries like .nice clothing, fine food and vacation abroad

However, the family still did not get to see father for most of the week. He continued to work very hard, hoping to be promoted to the position of manager. In fact, to make himself a worthily candidate for the promotion, he enrolled for .another course in the open university

Again, whenever the family complained that he was not spending enough time with them, he reasoned that he was doing all this for them. But he often yearned to spend more time with his .family

Father’s hard work paid off and he was promoted. Jubilantly, he decided to hire a maid to relieve his wife from her domestic tasks. He also felt that their three-room flat was no longer big enough, it would be nice for his family to be able to enjoy the facilities and comfort of a condominium. Having experienced the rewards of his hard work many times before, Father resolved to further his studies and work at being promoted again. The family still did not get to see much of him. In fact, sometimes Father had to work on Sundays entertaining clients. Again, whenever the family complained that he was not spending

enough time with them, he reasoned that he was doing all this for them. But he often yearned to .spend more time with his family

As expected, Father’s hard work paid off again and he bought a beautiful condominium overlooking the coast of Singapore. On the first Sunday evening at their new home, Father declared to his family that he decided not to take anymore courses or pursue any more promotions. From then on he was going to .devote more time to his family

.Father did not wake up the next day

Give time to our family

After 21 years of marriage, my wife wanted me to take another woman out to dinner and a movie. She said, “I love you, but I know this other woman loves you and would love to spend some ”.time with you

The other woman that my wife wanted me to visit was my MOTHER, who has been a widow for 19 years, but the demands of my work and my three children had made it possible to visit her only occasionally. That night I called to invite her to

go out for dinner and a movie. “What’s wrong, .are you well?” she asked

My mother is the type of woman who suspects that a late night call or a surprise invitation is a sign of bad news. “I thought that it would be pleasant to spend some time with you,” I responded. “Just the two of us.” She thought about it for a moment, and then said, “I would ”.like that very much

That Friday after work, as I drove over to pick her up I was a bit nervous. When I arrived at her house, I noticed that she, too, seemed to be nervous about our date. She waited in the door with her coat on. She had curled her hair and was wearing the dress that she had worn to celebrate her last wedding anniversary. She smiled from a face that was as radiant as an angel’s. “I told my friends that I was going to go out with my son, and they were impressed, “she said, as she got into the car. “They can’t wait to hear about our ”.meeting

We went to a restaurant that, although not elegant, was very nice and cozy. My mother took my arm as if she were the First Lady. After we sat down, I had to read the menu. Her eyes could only read large print. Half way through the entries, I lifted my eyes and saw Mom sitting

there staring at me. A nostalgic smile was on her lips. “It was I who used to have to read the menu when you were small,” she said. “Then it’s time that you relax and let me return the favor,” I responded. During the dinner, we had an agreeable conversation – nothing extraordinary but catching up on recent events of each other’s life. We talked so much that we missed the movie. As we arrived at her house later, she said, “I’ll go out with you again, but only if you let me .invite you.” I agreed

How was your dinner date?” asked my wife “ when I got home. “Very nice. Much more so than .I could have imagined,” I answered

A few days later, my mother died of a massive heart attack. It happened so suddenly that I didn’t have a chance to do anything for her. Some time later, I received an envelope with a copy of a restaurant receipt from the same place mother and I had dined. An attached note said: “I paid this bill in advance. I wasn’t sure that I could be there; but nevertheless, I paid for two plates – one for you and the other for your wife. You will never know what that night meant for me. I love ”.you, son

At that moment, I understood the importance of saying in time: “I LOVE YOU” and to give our

loved ones the time that they deserve. Nothing in life is more important than your family. Give them the time they deserve, because these ”.things cannot be put off till “some other time

The last cab ride

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living. One time I arrived in the middle of the night for a pick up at a building that was dark except for a single .light in a ground floor window

Under these circumstances, many drivers would just honk once or twice, wait a minute, then drive away. But I had seen too many impoverished people who depended on taxis as their only means of transportation. Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door. This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself. So I walked to .the door and knocked

.Just a minute," answered a frail, elderly voice"

I could hear something being dragged across the floor. After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 80's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940s .movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase

The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos .and glassware

Would you carry my bag out to the car?” she “ said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking .me for my kindness

It’s nothing,” I told her. “I just try to treat my “ passengers the way I would want my mother ”.treated

Oh, you’re such a good boy,” she said. When we“ got in the cab, she gave me an address, then ”?asked, “Could you drive through downtown

.It’s not the shortest way,” I answered quickly“

Oh, I don’t mind,” she said. “I’m in no hurry. I’m “ ”.on my way to a hospice

I looked in the rear view mirror. Her eyes were .glistening

I don’t have any family left,” she continued. “ ”.“The doctor says I don’t have very long

I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. .“What route would you like me to take?” I asked

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds.

She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where .she had gone dancing as a girl

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring .into the darkness, saying nothing

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, ".she suddenly said, "I'm tired. Let's go now

We drove in silence to the address she had given .me

It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was .already seated in a wheelchair

How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching " .into her purse

.Nothing," I said"

.You have to make a living," she answered"

".There are other passengers"

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a .hug. She held onto me tightly

You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,” “ ”.she said. “Thank you

I squeezed her hand, then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the .sound of the closing of a life

I didn’t pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly, lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away? On a quick review, I don’t think that I have done anything more important in my life. We’re conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware—beautifully wrapped in what others .may consider a small one

The Little Boy

Sally jumped up as soon as she saw the surgeon come out of the operating room. She said: “How is my little boy? Is he going to be all right? When ”?can I see him

The surgeon said, “I’m sorry. We did all we could, ”.but your boy didn’t make it

Sally said, “Why do little children get cancer? Doesn’t God care any more? Where were you, ”?God, when my son needed you

The surgeon asked, “Would you like some time alone with your son? One of the nurses will be out in a few minutes, before he’s transported to ”.the university

Sally asked the nurse to stay with her while she said good-bye to son. She ran her fingers lovingly .through his thick red curly hair

Would you like a lock of his hair?” the nurse “ .asked

Sally nodded yes. The nurse cut a lock of the boy’s hair, put it in a plastic bag and handed it to Sally. The mother said, “It was Jimmy’s idea to donate his body to the university for study. He said it might help somebody else. “I said no at first, but Jimmy said, ‘Mom, I won’t be using it after I die. Maybe it will help some other little boy spend one more day with his Mom.” She went on, “My Jimmy had a heart of gold. Always thinking of someone else. Always wanting to help others if ”.he could

Sally walked out of Children’s mercy Hospital for the last time, after spending most of the last six months there. She put the bag with Jimmy’s belongings on the seat beside her in the car. The drive home was difficult. It was even harder to enter the empty house. She carried Jimmy’s belongings, and the plastic bag with the lock of his hair to her son’s room. She started placing the model cars and other personal things back in his room exactly where he had always kept them.

She laid down across his bed and, hugging his .pillow, cried herself to sleep

It was around midnight when Sally awoke. Laying beside her on the bed was a folded letter. The :letter said

‚Dear Mom“

I know you’re going to miss me; but don’t think that I will ever forget you, or stop loving you, just ’cause I’m not around to say I LOVE YOU. I will always love you, Mom, even more with each day. Someday we will see each other again. Until then, if you want to adopt a little boy so you won’t be so lonely, that’s okay with me. He can have my room and old stuff to play with. But, if you decide to get a girl instead, she probably wouldn’t like the same things us boys do. You’ll have to buy her dolls and stuff girls like, you know. Don’t be sad thinking about me. This really is a neat place. Grandma and Grandpa met me as soon as I got here and showed me around some, but it will take a long time to see everything. The angels are so cool. I love to watch them fly. And, you know what? Jesus

doesn’t look like any of his pictures. Yet, when I saw Him, I knew it was Him. Jesus himself took me to see GOD! And guess what, Mom? I got to sit on God’s knee and talk to Him, like I was somebody important. That’s when I told Him that I wanted to write you a letter, to tell you good-bye and everything. But I already knew that wasn’t allowed. Well, you know what Mom? God handed me some paper and His own personal pen to write you this letter. I think Gabriel is the name of the angel who is going to drop this letter off to you. God said for me to give you the answer to one of the questions you asked Him ‘Where was He when I needed him?’ “God said He was in the same place with me, as when His son Jesus was on the cross. He was right there, .as He always is with all His children

Oh, by the way, Mom, no one else can see what I’ve written except you. To everyone else this is just a blank piece of paper. Isn’t that cool? I have to give God His pen back now. He needs it to write some more names in the Book of Life. Tonight I get to sit at the table with Jesus for .supper. I’m, sure the food will be great

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. I don’t hurt anymore. The cancer is all gone. I’m glad because I couldn’t stand that pain anymore and God couldn’t stand to see me hurt so much, either. That’s when He sent The Angel of Mercy to come get me. The Angel said I was a Special ?Delivery! How about that

Hospital window

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room’s only window. The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back. The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their wives and

families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, where they .had been on vacation

Every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he .could see outside the window

The man in the other bed began to live for those one hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and .color of the world outside

The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played on the water while children sailed their model boats. Young lovers walked arm in arm amidst flowers of every color and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen .in the distance

As the man by the window described all this in exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the .picturesque scene

One warm afternoon the man by the window .described a parade passing by

Although the other man couldn’t hear the band – he could see it. In his mind’s eye as the

gentleman by th! e window portrayed it with .descriptive words

.Days and weeks passed

One morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their baths only to find the lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body .away

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left .him alone

Slowly, painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the real world .outside

He strained to slowly turn to look out the window .beside the bed

It faced a blank wall. The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his deceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window

The nurse responded that the man was blind and .could not even see the wall

She said, “Perhaps he just wanted to encourage ”.you

The story of a blind girl

There was a blind girl who hated herself just because she was blind. She hated everyone, except her loving boyfriend. He was always there for her. She said that if she could only see the .world, she would marry her boyfriend

One day, someone donated a pair of eyes to her and then she could see everything, including her boyfriend. Her boyfriend asked her, “Now that ”?you can see the world, will you marry me

The girl was shocked when she saw that her boyfriend was blind too, and refused to marry him. Her boyfriend walked away in tears, and later wrote a letter to her saying: *“Just take care ”.of my eyes dear*

This is how human brain changes when the status changed. Only few remember what life was before, and who’s always been there even in .the most painful situations

Life Is A Gift

–Today before you think of saying an unkind word .think of someone who can’t speak

Before you complain about the taste of your
–food
.think of someone who has nothing to eat

–Before you complain about your husband or wife
think of someone who is crying out to God for a
.companion

–Today before you complain about life
.think of someone who went too early to heaven

–Before you complain about your children
think of someone who desires children but
.they’re barren

Before you argue about your dirty house,
–someone didn’t clean or sweep
.think of the people who are living in the streets

–Before whining about the distance you drive
think of someone who walks the same distance
.with their feet

And when you are tired and complain about your
–job
think of the unemployed, the disabled and those
.who wished they had your job

But before you think of pointing the finger or
–condemning another
remember that not one of us are without sin and
.we all answer to one maker

And when depressing thoughts seem to get you –down
put a smile on your face and thank God you’re .alive and still around

Life is a gift – Live it, Enjoy it, Celebrate it, and .Fulfill it

A glass of Milk, paid in Full

One day, a poor boy who was selling goods from door to door to pay his way through school, found he had only one thin dime left, and he was hungry. He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house. However, he lost his nerve when .a lovely young woman opened the door

Instead of a meal he asked for a drink of water. She thought he looked hungry so brought him a .large glass of milk

He drank it slowly, and then asked, “How much ”?do I owe you

You don’t owe me anything,” she replied. “ “Mother has taught us never to accept pay for a ”.kindness

”.He said, “Then I thank you from my heart

As Howard Kelly left that house, he not only felt stronger physically, but his faith in God and man was strong also. He had been ready to give up .and quit

Year’s later that young woman became critically ill. The local doctors were baffled. They finally sent her to the big city, where they called in .specialists to study her rare disease

Dr. Howard Kelly was called in for the consultation. When he heard the name of the town she came from, a strange light filled his eyes. Immediately he rose and went down the .hall of the hospital to her room

Dressed in his doctor’s gown he went in to see her. He recognized her at once. He went back to the consultation room determined to do his best to save her life. From that day he gave special .attention to the case

After a long struggle, the battle was won. Dr. Kelly requested the business office to pass the final bill to him for approval. He looked at it, then wrote something on the edge and the bill was .sent to her room

She feared to open it, for she was sure it would take the rest of her life to pay for it all. Finally

she looked, and something caught her attention on the side of the bill. She began to read the :following words

.Paid in full with one glass of milk“

!Don’t Hope,… Decide

While waiting to pick up a friend at the airport in Portland, Oregon, I had one of those life-changing experiences that you hear other people talk about — the kind that sneaks up on you unexpectedly. This one occurred a mere two feet .away from me

Straining to locate my friend among the passengers deplaning through the jet way, I noticed a man coming toward me carrying two

light bags. He stopped right next to me to greet .his family

First he motioned to his youngest son (maybe six years old) as he laid down his bags. They gave each other a long, loving hug. As they separated enough to look in each other's face, I heard the father say, "It's so good to see you, son. I missed you so much!" His son smiled somewhat shyly, averted his eyes and replied softly, "Me, too, "!Dad

Then the man stood up, gazed in the eyes of his oldest son (maybe nine or ten) and while cupping his son's face in his hands said, "You're already quite the young man. I love you very much, Zach!" They too hugged a most loving, tender .hug

While this was happening, a baby girl (perhaps one or one-and-a-half) was squirming excitedly in her mother's arms, never once taking her little eyes off the wonderful sight of her returning father. The man said, "Hi, baby girl!" as he gently took the child from her mother. He quickly kissed her face all over and then held her close to his chest while rocking her from side to side. The little girl instantly relaxed and simply laid her head on his shoulder, motionless in pure .contentment

After several moments, he handed his daughter to his oldest son and declared, “I’ve saved the best for last!” and proceeded to give his wife the longest, most passionate kiss I ever remember seeing. He gazed into her eyes for several seconds and then silently mouthed. “I love you so much!” They stared at each other’s eyes, beaming big smiles at one another, while holding .both hands

For an instant they reminded me of newlyweds, but I knew by the age of their kids that they couldn’t possibly be. I puzzled about it for a moment then realized how totally engrossed I was in the wonderful display of unconditional love not more than an arm’s length away from me. I suddenly felt uncomfortable, as if I was invading something sacred, but was amazed to hear my own voice nervously ask, “Wow! How ?long have you two been married

Been together fourteen years total, married “ twelve of those.” he replied, without breaking his gaze from his lovely wife’s face. “Well then, how long have you been away?” I asked. The man finally turned and looked at me, still beaming his ”!joyous smile. “Two whole days

Two days? I was stunned. By the intensity of the greeting, I had assumed he’d been gone for at

least several weeks – if not months. I know my .expression betrayed me

I said almost offhandedly, hoping to end my intrusion with some semblance of grace (and to get back to searching for my friend), “I hope my marriage is still that passionate after twelve ”!years

.The man suddenly stopped smiling

He looked me straight in the eye, and with forcefulness that burned right into my soul, he told me something that left me a different person. He told me, “Don’t hope, friend… decide!” Then he flashed me his wonderful smile ”!again, shook my hand and said, “God bless

Keep Your Dream

I have a friend named Monty Roberts who owns a horse ranch in San Ysidro. He has let me use his house to put on fund-raising events to raise .money for youth at risk programs

The last time I was there he introduced me by :saying

I want to tell you why I let Jack use my horse. It “ all goes back to a story about a young man who was the son of an itinerant horse trainer who would go from stable to stable, race track to race track, farm to farm and ranch to ranch, training horses. As a result, the boy’s high school career was continually interrupted. When he was a senior, he was asked to write a paper about what ”.he wanted to be and do when he grew up

That night he wrote a seven-page paper “ describing his goal of someday owning a horse ranch. He wrote about his dream in great detail and he even drew a diagram of a 200-acre ranch, showing the location of all the buildings, the stables and the track. Then he drew a detailed floor plan for a 4,000-square-foot house that ”.would sit on a 200-acre dream ranch

He put a great deal of his heart into the project “ and the next day he handed it in to his teacher. Two days later he received his paper back. On the front page was a large red F with a note that ”'.read, `See me after class

The boy with the dream went to see the teacher“ ”'?after class and asked, `Why did I receive an F

The teacher said, `This is an unrealistic dream “ for a young boy like you. You have no money. You come from an itinerant family. You have no resources. Owning a horse ranch requires a lot of money. You have to buy the land. You have to pay for the original breeding stock and later you’ll have to pay large stud fees. There’s no way you could ever do it.’ Then the teacher added, `If you will rewrite this paper with a more realistic ”'.goal, I will reconsider your grade

The boy went home and thought about it long “ and hard. He asked his father what he should do. His father said, `Look, son, you have to make up your own mind on this. However, I think it is a very important decision for you.’ Finally, after sitting with it for a week, the boy turned in the .same paper, making no changes at all

He stated, ‘You can keep the F and I’ll keep my ”'.dream

Monty then turned to the assembled group and said, “I tell you this story because you are sitting in my 4,000-square-foot house in the middle of my 200-acre horse ranch. I still have that school ”.paper framed over the fireplace

He added, “The best part of the story is that two summers ago that same schoolteacher brought 30 kids to camp out on my ranch for a week. When the teacher was leaving, the teacher said, ‘Look, Monty, I can tell you this now. When I was your teacher, I was something of a dream stealer. During those years I stole a lot of kids’ dreams. Fortunately you had enough gumption not to give ”'.up on yours

Don’t let anyone steal your dreams. Follow your “ ”.heart, no matter what

My mom only had one

eye

My mom only had one eye. I hated her… She was such an embarrassment. She cooked for students .and teachers to support the family

There was this one day during elementary school where my mom came to say hello to me. I was so .embarrassed

How could she do this to me? I ignored her, threw her a hateful look and ran out. The next day at school one of my classmates said, “EEEE, your ”!mom only has one eye

I wanted to bury myself. I also wanted my mom to just disappear. I confronted her that day and said, “If you’re only gonna make me a laughing ”?stock, why don’t you just die

My mom did not respond… I didn’t even stop to think for a second about what I had said, because .I was full of anger. I was oblivious to her feelings

I wanted out of that house, and have nothing to do with her. So I studied real hard, got a chance .to go abroad to study

Then, I got married. I bought a house of my own. I had kids of my own. I was happy with my life, my kids and the comforts. Then one day, my Mother came to visit me. She hadn’t seen me in years and she didn’t even meet her .grandchildren

When she stood by the door, my children laughed at her, and I yelled at her for coming over uninvited. I screamed at her, “How dare you come to my house and scare my children! GET ”!!!OUT OF HERE! NOW

And to this, my mother quietly answered, “Oh, I’m so sorry. I may have gotten the wrong .address.” – and she disappeared out of sight

One day, a letter regarding a school reunion came to my house. So I lied to my wife that I was going on a business trip. After the reunion, I went .to the old shack just out of curiosity

My neighbors said that she died. I did not shed a single tear. They handed me a letter that she had .wanted me to have

‚My dearest son“

I think of you all the time. I’m sorry that I came to .your house and scared your children

I was so glad when I heard you were coming for the reunion. But I may not be able to even get out of bed to see you. I’m sorry that I was a constant embarrassment to you when you were .growing up

You see……..when you were very little, you got into an accident, and lost your eye. As a mother, I couldn’t stand watching you having to grow up .with one eye. So I gave you mine

I was so proud of my son who was seeing a whole .new world for me, in my place, with that eye

‚With all my love to you

”.Your mother

Face Difficulties Positively

This parable is told of a farmer who owned an old mule. The mule fell into the farmer’s well. The farmer heard the mule praying or whatever .mules do when they fall into wells

After carefully assessing the situation, the farmer sympathized with the mule, but decided that neither the mule nor the well was worth the

trouble of saving. Instead, he called his neighbors together, told them what had happened, and enlisted them to help haul dirt to bury the old .mule in the well and put him out of his misery

Initially the old mule was hysterical! But as the farmer and his neighbors continued shoveling and the dirt hit his back, a thought struck him. It suddenly dawned on him that every time a shovel load of dirt landed on his back, HE WOULD !SHAKE IT OFF AND STEP UP

This he did, blow after blow. “Shake it off and step up… shake it off and step up… shake it off and step up!” He repeated to encourage himself. No matter how painful the blows, or how distressing the situation seemed, the old mule fought panic and just kept right on SHAKING IT !OFF AND STEPPING UP

It wasn’t long before the old mule, battered and exhausted, stepped triumphantly over the wall of that well! What seemed like it would bury him actually helped him … all because of the manner .in which he handled his adversity

THAT’S LIFE! If we face our problems and respond to them positively, and refuse to give in .to panic, bitterness, or self-pity

Determination and Persistence

This is a real life story of engineer John Roebling building the Brooklyn Bridge in New York, USA

back in 1870. The bridge was completed in 1883, .after 13 years

In 1883, a creative engineer named John Roebling was inspired by an idea to build a spectacular bridge connecting New York with the Long Island. However bridge building experts throughout the world thought that this was an impossible feat and told Roebling to forget the idea. It just could not be done. It was not .practical. It had never been done before

Roebling could not ignore the vision he had in his mind of this bridge. He thought about it all the time and he knew deep in his heart that it could be done. He just had to share the dream with someone else. After much discussion and persuasion he managed to convince his son Washington, an up and coming engineer, that the .bridge in fact could be built

Working together for the first time, the father and son developed concepts of how it could be accomplished and how the obstacles could be overcome. With great excitement and inspiration, and the headiness of a wild challenge before them, they hired their crew and began to build .their dream bridge

The project started well, but when it was only a few months underway a tragic accident on the site took the life of John Roebling. Washington was also injured and left with a certain amount of brain damage, which resulted in him not being .able to talk or walk

We told them so.” “Crazy men and their crazy “ ”.dreams.” “It’s foolish to chase wild visions

Everyone had a negative comment to make and felt that the project should be scrapped since the Roeblings were the only ones who knew how the .bridge could be built

In spite of his handicap Washington was never discouraged and still had a burning desire to complete the bridge and his mind was still as sharp as ever. He tried to inspire and pass on his enthusiasm to some of his friends, but they were .too daunted by the task

As he lay on his bed in his hospital room, with the sunlight streaming through the windows, a gentle breeze blew the flimsy white curtains apart and he was able to see the sky and the tops of the .trees outside for just a moment

It seemed that there was a message for him not to give up. Suddenly an idea hit him. All he could do was move one finger and he decided to make the best use of it. By moving this, he slowly

developed a code of communication with his .wife

He touched his wife’s arm with that finger, indicating to her that he wanted her to call the engineers again. Then he used the same method of tapping her arm to tell the engineers what to do. It seemed foolish but the project was under .way again

For 13 years Washington tapped out his instructions with his finger on his wife’s arm, until the bridge was finally completed. Today the spectacular Brooklyn Bridge stands in all its glory as a tribute to the triumph of one man’s indomitable spirit and his determination not to be defeated by circumstances. It is also a tribute to the engineers and their team work, and to their faith in a man who was considered mad by half the world. It stands too as a tangible monument to the love and devotion of his wife who for 13 long years patiently decoded the messages of .her husband and told the engineers what to do

Perhaps this is one of the best examples of a never-say-die attitude that overcomes a terrible physical handicap and achieves an impossible .goal

Often when we face obstacles in our day-to-day life, our hurdles seem very small in comparison

to what many others have to face. The Brooklyn Bridge shows us that dreams that seem impossible can be realised with determination .and persistence, no matter what the odds are

What goes around comes around

One day a man saw an old lady, stranded on the side of the road, but even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac .was still sputtering when he approached her

Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe; he looked poor and hungry. He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was those chills which only fear can put in you. He said, "I'm here to help you, ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is ".Bryan Anderson

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty .and his hands hurt

As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn’t thank him .enough for coming to her aid

Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk. The lady asked how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped. Bryan never thought twice about being paid. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty, who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act .any other way

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance they needed, and Bryan added, “And ”.think of me

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into .the twilight

A few miles down the road the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take

the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant. Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn’t erase. The lady noticed the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered .Bryan

After the lady finished her meal, she paid with a hundred dollar bill. The waitress quickly went to get change for her hundred dollar bill, but the old lady had slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back. The waitress wondered where the lady could be. Then she .noticed something written on the napkin

There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady wrote: “You don’t owe me anything. I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I’m helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do, do not let this chain of love end with you.” Under the napkin .were four more $100 bills

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard… She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, “Everything’s ”.going to be all right. I love you, Bryan Anderson

There is an old saying “What goes around comes ”.around

Temper control

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was talented, creative, handsome, and extremely bright. A natural leader. The kind of person everyone would normally have wanted on their team or project. But he was also self-centered and had a very bad temper. When he got angry, he usually said, and often did, some very hurtful things. In fact, he seemed to have little regard for those around him. Even friends. So, naturally, he

had few. “But,” he told himself, “that just shows ”!how stupid most people are

As he grew, his parents became concerned about this personality flaw, and pondered long and hard about what they should do. Finally, the father had an idea. And he struck a bargain with his son. He gave him a bag of nails, and a BIG hammer. “Whenever you lose your temper,” he told the boy, “I want you to really let it out. Just take a nail and drive it into the oak boards of that old fence out back. Hit that nail as hard as you ”!can

Of course, those weathered oak boards in that old fence were almost as tough as iron, and the hammer was mighty heavy, so it wasn’t nearly as easy as it first sounded. Nevertheless, by the end of the first day, the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence (*That was one angry young man!*). Gradually, over a period of weeks, the number dwindled down. Holding his temper proved to be easier than driving nails into the fence! Finally the day came when the boy didn’t lose his temper at all. He felt mighty proud as he told his parents about that accompl“As a sign of your success,” his father responded, “you get to PULL OUT one nail. In fact, you can do that each day ”.that you don’t lose your temper even once

Well, many weeks passed. Finally one day the young boy was able to report proudly that all the .nails were gone

At that point, the father asked his son to walk out back with him and take one more good look at the fence. “You have done well, my son,” he said. *“But I want you to notice the holes that are left. No matter what happens from now on, this fence will never be the same. Saying or doing hurtful things in anger produces the same kind of result. There will always be a scar. It won’t matter how many times you say you’re sorry, or how many years pass, the scar will still be there. And a verbal wound is as bad as a physical one. People are much more valuable than an old fence. They make us smile. They help us succeed. Some will even become friends who share our joys, and support us through bad times. And, if they trust us, they will also open their hearts to us. That means we need to treat everyone with love and respect. We need to ”.prevent as many of those scars as we can*

A most valuable lesson, don’t you think? And a reminder most of us need from time to time. Everyone gets angry occasionally. The real test is .what we DO with it

If we are wise, we will spend our time building .bridges rather than barriers in our relationships

The Cookie Thief

A woman was waiting at an airport one night, with several long hours before her flight. She hunted for a book in the airport shops, bought a .bag of cookies and found a place to drop

She was engrossed in her book but happened to see, that the man sitting beside her, as bold as could be. . .grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between, which she tried to ignore to avoid a .scene

So she munched the cookies and watched the clock, as the gutsy cookie thief diminished her stock. She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by, thinking, “If I wasn’t so nice, I ”.would blacken his eye

With each cookie she took, he took one too, when only one was left, she wondered what he would do. With a smile on his face, and a nervous laugh, .he took the last cookie and broke it in half

He offered her half, as he ate the other, she snatched it from him and thought… oooh, brother. This guy has some nerve and he’s also !rude, why he didn’t even show any gratitude

She had never known when she had been so galled, and sighed with relief when her flight was

called. She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate, refusing to look back at the thieving .ingrate

She boarded the plane, and sank in her seat, then she sought her book, which was almost complete. As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise, there was her bag of .cookies, in front of her eyes

If mine are here, she moaned in despair, the others were his, and he tried to share. Too late to apologize, she realized with grief, that she was .the rude one, the ingrate, the thief

!A gift of love

Can I see my baby?" the happy new mother " .asked

When the bundle was nestled in her arms and she moved the fold of cloth to look upon his tiny face, she gasped. The doctor turned quickly and looked out the tall hospital window. The baby had .been born without ears

Time proved that the baby's hearing was perfect. It was only his appearance that was marred. When he rushed home from school one day and flung himself into his mother's arms, she sighed, knowing that his life was to be a succession of heartbreaks. He blurted out the tragedy. "A boy,

a big boy … called me a freakHe grew up, handsome for his misfortune. A favorite with his fellow students, he might have been class president, but for that. He developed a gift, a talent for literature and music. “But you might mingle with other young people,” his mother reproved him, but felt a kindness in her heart. The boy’s father had a session with the family physician. Could nothing be done? “I believe I could graft on a pair of outer ears, if they could .be procured,” the doctor decided

Whereupon the search began for a person who would make such a sacrifice for a young man. Two years went by. Then, “You are going to the hospital, Son. Mother and I have someone who will donate the ears you need. But it’s a secret,” said the father. The operation was a brilliant success, and a new person emerged. His talents blossomed into genius, and school and college .became a series of triumphs

Later he married and entered the diplomatic service. “But I must know!” He urged his father, “Who gave so much for me? I could never do enough for him.” “I do not believe you could,” said the father, “but the agreement was that you are not to know … not yet.” The years kept their profound secret, but the day did come … one of the darkest days that a son must endure. He

stood with his father over his mother’s casket. Slowly, tenderly, the father stretched forth a hand and raised the thick, reddish-brown hair to reveal that the mother had no outer ears. “Mother said she was glad she never let her hair be cut,” he whispered gently, “and nobody ever ”?thought Mother less beautiful, did they

Real beauty lies not in the physical appearance, but in the heart. Real treasure lies not in what that can be seen, but what that cannot be seen. Real love lies not in what is done and known, but .in what that is done but not known

Helpless love

Once upon a time all feelings and emotions went to a coastal island for a vacation. According to their nature, each was having a good time. Suddenly, a warning of an impending storm was announced and everyone was advised to .evacuate the island

The announcement caused sudden panic. All rushed to their boats. Even damaged boats were .quickly repaired and commissioned for duty

Yet, Love did not wish to flee quickly. There was so much to do. But as the clouds darkened, Love realised it was time to leave. Alas, there were no .boats to spare. Love looked around with hope

Just then Prosperity passed by in a luxurious boat. Love shouted, “Prosperity, could you please ”?take me in your boat

No,” replied Prosperity, “my boat is full of “ precious possessions, gold and silver. There is no ”.place for you

A little later Vanity came by in a beautiful boat. Again Love shouted, “Could you help me, Vanity? I am stranded and need a lift. Please take me ”.with you

Vanity responded haughtily, “No, I cannot take you with me. My boat will get soiled with your ”.muddy feet

Sorrow passed by after some time. Again, Love asked for help. But it was to no avail. “No, I cannot take you with me. I am so sad. I want to ”.be by myself

When Happiness passed by a few minutes later, Love again called for help. But Happiness was so happy that it did not look around, hardly .concerned about anyone

Love was growing restless and dejected. Just then somebody called out, “Come Love, I will take you with me.” Love did not know who was being so magnanimous, but jumped on to the boat, greatly relieved that she would reach a safe .place

On getting off the boat, Love met Knowledge. Puzzled, Love inquired, “Knowledge, do you know who so generously gave me a lift just when no ”?one else wished to help

”.Knowledge smiled, “Oh, that was Time

And why would Time stop to pick me and take “ .me to safety?” Love wondered

Knowledge smiled with deep wisdom and replied, “Because only Time knows your true greatness and what you are capable of. Only Love can bring ”.peace and great happiness in this world

The important message is that when we are “ prosperous, we overlook love. When we feel important, we forget love. Even in happiness and sorrow we forget love. Only with time do we realize the importance of love. Why wait that long? Why not make love a part of your life ”?today

Positive Thinking

Jerry was the kind of guy you love to hate. He was always in a good mood and always had something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, “If I ”!were any better, I would be twins

He was a unique manager because he had several waiters who had followed him around from restaurant to restaurant. The reason the waiters followed Jerry was because of his attitude. He was a natural motivator. If an employee was having a bad day, Jerry was there telling the employee how to look on the positive .side of the situation

Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Jerry and asked him, “I don’t get it! You can’t be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?” Jerry replied, “Each morning I wake up and say to myself, Jerry, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood.’ I choose to be in a good mood. Each time something bad happens, I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it. Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of ”.life. I choose the positive side of life

.Yeah, right, it’s not that easy,” I protested“

Yes it is," Jerry said. "Life is all about choices. " When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood. The bottom line: It's your choice how you live ".life

I reflected on what Jerry said. Soon thereafter, I left the restaurant industry to start my own business. We lost touch, but often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it. Several years later, I heard that Jerry did something you are never supposed to do in a restaurant business: he left the back door open one morning and was held up at gunpoint by three armed robbers. While trying to open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the combination. The robbers panicked and shot him. Luckily, Jerry was found relatively quickly and rushed to the local trauma center. After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Jerry was released from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body. I saw Jerry about six months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I were any "?better, I'd be twins. Wanna see my scars

I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place. “The first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked the back door,” Jerry replied. “Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live, or I could choose to die. I chose to ”.live

Weren’t you scared? Did you lose “ consciousness?” I asked. Jerry continued, “The paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the emergency room and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read, ‘He’s a dead man.’ I knew I needed to take ”.action

.What did you do?” I asked“

Well, there was a big, burly nurse shouting “ questions at me,” said Jerry. “She asked if I was allergic to anything. ‘Yes,’ I replied. The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for

my reply… I took a deep breath and yelled, ‘Bullets!’ Over their laughter, I told them, ‘I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, ”.not dead

Jerry lived thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to .live fully. Attitude, after all, is everything

The story of a woodcutter

Once upon a time, a very strong woodcutter asked for a job in a timber merchant and he got it. The pay was really good and so was the work condition. For those reasons, the woodcutter was .determined to do his best

His boss gave him an axe and showed him the .area where he supposed to work

.The first day, the woodcutter brought 18 trees

Congratulations," the boss said. "Go on that " "!way

Very motivated by the boss words, the woodcutter tried harder the next day, but he could only bring 15 trees. The third day he tried even harder, but he could only bring 10 trees. .Day after day he was bringing less and less trees

I must be losing my strength", the woodcutter " thought. He went to the boss and apologized,

saying that he could not understand what was .going on

When was the last time you sharpened your “ .axe?” the boss asked

Sharpen? I had no time to sharpen my axe. I “ ”...have been very busy trying to cut trees

:Reflection

Our lives are like that. We sometimes get so busy that we don’t take time to sharpen the “axe”. In today’s world, it seems that everyone is busier .than ever, but less happy that ever

Why is that? Could it be that we have forgotten how to stay “sharp”? There’s nothing wrong with activity and hard work. But we should not get so busy that we neglect the truly important things in life, like our personal life, taking time to get close to our Creator, giving more time for our family, .taking time to read etc

We all need time to relax, to think and meditate, to learn and grow. If we don’t take the time to sharpen the “axe”, we will become dull and lose .our effectiveness

A bowl of noodles from a stranger

That night, Sue quarreled with her mother, then stormed out of the house. While enroute, she remembered that she did not have any money in her pocket, she did not even have enough coins .to make a phone call home

At the same time, she went through a noodle shop, picking up sweet fragrance, she suddenly felt very hungry. She wished for a bowl of !noodles, but she had no money

The seller saw her standing wheat faltered before :the counter and asked

?Hey little girl, you want to eat a bowl –

But … but I do not carry money … she shyly –
.replied

Okay, I'll treat you – the seller said – come in, I –
.will cook you a bowl

A few minutes later the owner brought her a steaming bowl of noodles. Ate some pieces, Sue
.cried

.What is it? – He asked –

Nothing. I am just touched by your kindness! – –
.Sue said as she wiped her tears

Even a stranger on the street gives me a bowl –
of noodles, and my mother, after a quarrel,
!!chased me out of the house. She is cruel

:The seller sighed

Girl, why did you think so? Think again. I only –
gave you a bowl of noodles and you felt that way.
Your mother had raised you since you were little,
why were you not grateful and disobeyed your
?mom

.Sue was really surprised after hearing that

Why did I not think of that? A bowl of noodles "
from a stranger made me feel indebted, and my
mother has raised me since I was little and I have
".never felt so, even a little

On the way home, Sue thought in her head what she would say to her mother when she arrives home: “Mom, I’m sorry. I know it is my fault, ” … please forgive me

Once up the steps, Sue saw her mother worried and tired of looking for her everywhere. Upon seeing Sue, her mother gently said: “Sue, come inside honey. You are probably very hungry? I cooked rice and prepared the meal already, ”… come eat while it is still hot

Can not control any longer, Sue cried in her .mom’s hands

In life, we sometimes easy to appreciate the small actions of some people around us, but for the relatives, especially parents, we see their … sacrifices as a matter of natural

Parental love and concern are the most precious .gifts we have been given since birth

Parents do not expect us to pay back for nurturing us …… but have we ever appreciated or treasure the unconditional sacrifice of our ?parents

!Marriage – very touching

When I got home that night as my wife served dinner, I held her hand and said, I’ve got

something to tell you. She sat down and ate .quietly. Again I observed the hurt in her eyes

Suddenly I didn’t know how to open my mouth. But I had to let her know what I was thinking. I .want a divorce. I raised the topic calmly

She didn’t seem to be annoyed by my words, ?instead she asked me softly, why

I avoided her question. This made her angry. She threw away the chopsticks and shouted at me, you are not a man! That night, we didn’t talk to each other. She was weeping. I knew she wanted to find out what had happened to our marriage. But I could hardly give her a satisfactory answer; she had lost my heart to Jane. I didn’t love her !anymore. I just pitied her

With a deep sense of guilt, I drafted a divorce agreement which stated that she could own our .house, our car, and 30% stake of my company

She glanced at it and then tore it into pieces. The woman who had spent ten years of her life with me had become a stranger. I felt sorry for her wasted time, resources and energy but I could not take back what I had said for I loved Jane so dearly. Finally she cried loudly in front of me, which was what I had expected to see. To me her cry was actually a kind of release. The idea of

divorce which had obsessed me for several .weeks seemed to be firmer and clearer now

The next day, I came back home very late and found her writing something at the table. I didn’t have supper but went straight to sleep and fell asleep very fast because I was tired after an .eventful day with Jane

When I woke up, she was still there at the table writing. I just did not care so I turned over and .was asleep again

In the morning she presented her divorce conditions: she didn’t want anything from me, but needed a month’s notice before the divorce. She requested that in that one month we both struggle to live as normal a life as possible. Her reasons were simple: our son had his exams in a month’s time and she didn’t want to disrupt him .with our broken marriage

This was agreeable to me. But she had something more, she asked me to recall how I had carried her into out bridal room on our .wedding day

She requested that every day for the month’s duration I carry her out of our bedroom to the front door every morning. I thought she was going crazy. Just to make our last days together .bearable I accepted her odd request

I told Jane about my wife’s divorce conditions. She laughed loudly and thought it was absurd. No matter what tricks she applies, she has to face .the divorce, she said scornfully

My wife and I hadn’t had any body contact since my divorce intention was explicitly expressed. So when I carried her out on the first day, we both appeared clumsy. Our son clapped behind us, daddy is holding mommy in his arms. His words brought me a sense of pain. From the bedroom to the sitting room, then to the door, I walked over ten meters with her in my arms. She closed her eyes and said softly; don’t tell our son about the divorce. I nodded, feeling somewhat upset. I put her down outside the door. She went to wait .for the bus to work. I drove alone to the office

On the second day, both of us acted much more easily. She leaned on my chest. I could smell the fragrance of her blouse. I realized that I hadn’t looked at this woman carefully for a long time. I realized she was not young any more. There were fine wrinkles on her face, her hair was graying! Our marriage had taken its toll on her. .For a minute I wondered what I had done to her

On the fourth day, when I lifted her up, I felt a sense of intimacy returning. This was the woman .who had given ten years of her life to me

On the fifth and sixth day, I realized that our sense of intimacy was growing again. I didn’t tell Jane about this. It became easier to carry her as the month slipped by. Perhaps the everyday .workout made me stronger

She was choosing what to wear one morning. She tried on quite a few dresses but could not find a suitable one. Then she sighed, all my dresses have grown bigger. I suddenly realized that she had grown so thin, that was the reason why I .could carry her more easily

Suddenly it hit me… she had buried so much pain and bitterness in her heart. Subconsciously I .reached out and touched her head

Our son came in at the moment and said, Dad, it’s time to carry mom out. To him, seeing his father carrying his mother out had become an essential part of his life. My wife gestured to our son to come closer and hugged him tightly. I turned my face away because I was afraid I might change my mind at this last minute. I then held her in my arms, walking from the bedroom, through the sitting room, to the hallway. Her hand surrounded my neck softly and naturally. I held her body tightly; it was just like our wedding .day

But her much lighter weight made me sad. On the last day, when I held her in my arms I could hardly move a step. Our son had gone to school. I held her tightly and said, I hadn’t noticed that our .life lacked intimacy

I drove to office… jumped out of the car swiftly without locking the door. I was afraid any delay would make me change my mind… I walked upstairs. Jane opened the door and I said to her, .Sorry, Jane, I do not want the divorce anymore

She looked at me, astonished, and then touched my forehead. Do you have a fever? She said. I moved her hand off my head. Sorry, Jane, I said, I won’t divorce. My marriage life was boring probably because she and I didn’t value the details of our lives, not because we didn’t love each other anymore. Now I realize that since I carried her into my home on our wedding day I .am supposed to hold her until death do us apart

Jane seemed to suddenly wake up. She gave me a loud slap and then slammed the door and burst .into tears. I walked downstairs and drove away

At the floral shop on the way, I ordered a bouquet of flowers for my wife. The salesgirl asked me what to write on the card. I smiled and wrote, I’ll carry you out every morning until death do us .apart

That evening I arrived home, flowers in my hands, a smile on my face, I run up stairs, only to .find my wife in the bed – dead

My wife had been fighting CANCER for months and I was so busy with Jane to even notice. She knew that she would die soon and she wanted to save me from the whatever negative reaction from our son, in case we push thru with the divorce –At least, in the eyes of our son— I'm a …loving husband

The small details of your lives are what really matter in a relationship. It is not the mansion, the car, property, the money in the bank. These create an environment conducive for happiness but cannot give happiness in themselves. So find time to be your spouse's friend and do those little things for each other that build intimacy. Do have !a real happy marriage

!Let go of your Stresses

A psychologist walked around a room while teaching stress management to an audience. As she raised a glass of water, everyone expected they'd be asked the "half empty or half full" question. Instead, with a smile on her face, she "?inquired: "How heavy is this glass of water

.Answers called out ranged from 8 oz. to 20 oz

She replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, it's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my arm. If I hold it for a day, my arm will feel numb and paralyzed. In each case, the weight of the glass doesn't change, but ".the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes

She continued, “The stresses and worries in life are like that glass of water. Think about them for a while and nothing happens. Think about them a bit longer and they begin to hurt. And if you think about them all day long, you will feel paralyzed – ”.incapable of doing anything

It’s important to remember to let go of your stresses. As early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don’t carry them through the evening and into the night. Remember to put !the glass down

…I have learned

-I’ve learned

that you cannot make someone love you. All you can do is be someone who can be loved. The rest .is up to them

-I’ve learned

that no matter how much I care, some people .just don’t care back

-I’ve learned

that it takes years to build up trust, and only .seconds to destroy it

-I’ve learned

that no matter how good a friend is, they’re going to hurt you every once in a while and you .must forgive them for that

-I’ve learned

that it’s not *what* you have in your life .but *who* you have in your life that counts

-I’ve learned

that you should never ruin an apology with an .excuse

-I’ve learned

that you can get by on charm for about fifteen minutes. After that, you’d better know .something

-I’ve learned

that you shouldn’t compare yourself to the best .others can do

-I’ve learned

that you can do something in an instant that will .give you heartache for life

-I’ve learned

that it’s taking me a long time to become the .person I want to be

-I’ve learned

that you should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see .them

-I’ve learned

.that you can keep going long after you can’t

-I’ve learned

that we are responsible for what we do, no .matter how we feel

-I’ve learned

that either you control your attitude or it controls .you

-I’ve learned

that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades and there had better be something else to take its .place

-I’ve learned

that heroes are the people who do what has to be done when it needs to be done, regardless of .the consequences

-I’ve learned

.that money is a lousy way of keeping score

-I’ve learned

that my best friend and I can do anything or .nothing and have the best time

-I’ve learned

that sometimes the people you expect to kick you when you’re down will be the ones to help .you get back up

-I’ve learned

that sometimes when I’m angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn’t give me the right to .be cruel

-I’ve learned

that true friendship continues to grow, even over .the longest distance. Same goes for true love

-I’ve learned

that just because someone doesn’t love you the way you want them to doesn’t mean they don’t .love you with all they have

-I’ve learned

that maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you’ve had and what you’ve learned from them and less to do with how many .birthdays you’ve celebrated

-I’ve learned

that you should never tell a child their dreams are unlikely or outlandish. Few things are more humiliating, and what a tragedy it would be if .they believed it

-I’ve learned

that your family won’t always be there for you. It may seem funny, but people you aren’t related to can take care of you and love you and teach you .to trust people again. Families aren’t biological

-I’ve learned

that it isn’t always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you are to learn to forgive .yourself

-I’ve learned

that no matter how bad your heart is broken the .world doesn’t stop for your grief

-I’ve learned

that our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are .responsible for who we become

-I’ve learned

that a rich person is not the one who has the .most, but is one who needs the least

-I’ve learned

that just because two people argue, it doesn’t mean they don’t love each other. And just because they don’t argue, it doesn’t mean they .do

-I’ve learned

that we don’t have to change friends if we .understand that friends change

-I’ve learned

that you shouldn’t be so eager to find out a .secret. It could change your life forever

-I’ve learned

that two people can look at the exact same thing .and see something totally different

-I’ve learned

that no matter how you try to protect your children, they will eventually get hurt and you .will hurt in the process

-I’ve learned

that even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend cries out to you, you will find .the strength to help

-I’ve learned

that credentials on the wall do not make you a .decent human being

-I’ve learned

that the people you care about most in life are .taken from you too soon

-I’ve learned

that it’s hard to determine where to draw the line between being nice and not hurting people’s .feelings, and standing up for what you believe

-I’ve learned

that people will forget what you said, and people will forget what you did, but people will never .forget how you made them feel

The Weight of the Glass

Once upon a time a psychology professor walked around on a stage while teaching stress management principles to an auditorium filled .with students

As she raised a glass of water, everyone expected they'd be asked the typical "glass half empty or glass half full" question. Instead, with a smile on her face, the professor asked, "How "?heavy is this glass of water I'm holding

Students shouted out answers ranging from eight .ounces to a couple pounds

She replied, "From my perspective, the absolute weight of this glass doesn't matter. It all depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute or two, it's fairly light. If I hold it for an hour straight, its weight might make my arm ache a little. If I hold it for a day straight, my arm will likely cramp up and feel completely numb and paralyzed, forcing me to drop the glass to the floor. In each case, the weight of the glass doesn't change, but the longer I hold it, the ".heavier it feels to me

As the class shook their heads in agreement, she continued, “Your stresses and worries in life are very much like this glass of water. Think about them for a while and nothing happens. Think about them a bit longer and you begin to ache a little. Think about them all day long, and you will feel completely numb and paralyzed – incapable ”.of doing anything else until you drop them

...

The moral: It’s important to remember to let go of your stresses and worries. No matter what happens during the day, as early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don’t carry them through the night and into the next day with you. If you still feel the weight of yesterday’s stress, it’s a strong sign that it’s time .to put the glass down

The End